

Navyspeak

by marv

Category: SeaQuest

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2000-04-25 09:00:00

Updated: 2000-04-25 09:00:00

Packaged: 2016-04-27 16:25:51

Rating: K

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,283

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Lucas & the Captain have a little discussion about Naval terminology

Navyspeak

> <meta name="ProgId"> Navyspeak

OK, Standard Disclaimer. I don't own SeaQuest or any of the characters involved in it. All my stories are amateur works. As always comments are welcome, criticism is OK too as long as it's constructive. Destructive criticism will be taken as an indication that you need something else to do with your free time :-)

This story takes place during the time the second SeaQuest is being built.

Rated: G.

This is simply a silly storyÂ%The Navy has a language all it's own that many just don't appreciateÂ%.

Navyspeak

By marv (marvid@interaccess.com)

Nathan sighed and leaned his head back on the top of his chair. Today was obviously 'Pick on the Captain Day'. His major protagonist was Lucas who was currently sitting on the wicker sofa opposite him on the porch with a smirk on his face. Kristin wasn't being much of a help either. She was sitting next to him in a chair pretending to read a book but chuckling along with Lucas' comments.

"OkayÂ%let me try to get this straight," Lucas was feigning serious concern on this matter, "it's not a bathroomÂ%it's a head."

"Right," said Nathan in a long-suffering tone.

"And that wall?" Lucas pointed to the wall of the house.

"Is a bulkhead."

"And that?" Lucas said pointing at the floor.

"That's a deck."

Lucas got a self-satisfied smirk on his face. He was driving the Captain crazy and he knew it. He crooked his thumb towards the door into the house.

"That would be a hatch."

Lucas pointed up towards the ceiling.

Nathan looked up and stared at the ceiling. "Overhead. That's the overhead."

"And the kitchen?"

"Is the galley." Nathan had no idea why he was being so patient with this little smart aleck.

"Uh huh. And when we walk up to the porch from the ground level we walk up aÂ½?"

Nathan shook his head and sighed again. "A ladder. We walk up a ladder."

"Ah, I seeÂ¼.now when we had to repair the roofÂ¾what was that thing with the rungs that we climbed up?"

"That was also a ladderÂ¾just a different kind." Nathan flashed a quick grin at the boy.

"And that thing you wear up here?" Lucas pointed at his forehead.

"Is a cover."

"Okay, I call it a hat but you call it a coverÂ¾right?"

"Right."

Lucas leaned forward with a look of serious concentration on his face. "And you wear your cover on yourÂ¾??"

Nathan saw where he was going with this one and grinned. "I wear my cover on my head." Kristin was holding her book up in front of her face to hide her laughing.

Lucas still had the serious look on his face. "And that would be differentÂ¾?

Nathan broke in on him. "Than the head which has the toilet Â¾yes."

"And if a boat without power isn't moored to anything

it's? "

Nathan thought a moment trying to figure out where this one was going. "That boat would be adrift."

"But if I dump my coat on the sofa when I come in??"

Nathan noddedÂ½ now he saw what Lucas was going after. "That would be leaving your gear adrift."

"Even though it's not on the water?"

"Even though it's not on the water."

Lucas was really enjoying himself with this gameÂ¾ and the Captain didn't seem to be too irritatedÂ¾ yet. He tried again.

"Alright. When I go down the stairsÂ¾ I mean the ladder, I goÂ¾?"

"You go below."

"Not downstairs?"

"Nope, you go belowÂ¾ because this is our main deck."

Lucas leaned forward again and put his elbows on his knees, resting his chin on hands. "And when you sail the ship, to get from place to place you don't use a map, right?"

Nathan leaned back and folded his arms while shaking his head a little. "Nope, I use a chart."

Lucas made circling movements with one hand. "And even though it looks like a map, it's a chart because...?"

"It's a chart because it has navigational aids on it."

"Ummm hum. And when we're aboard the boat the room I live in is aÂ¾?"

Nathan thought for a secondÂ¾ wondering again where this inquiry was going. "Your room would be a compartment," he said cautiously.

"And the room you live in...?"

"Ah, I seeÂ¾ my room would be my cabin."

Lucas shook his head in mock confusion. "And the difference would be because???"

"Because I'm the commanding officer of the boat."

Lucas shruggedÂ¾ "Oh, and that makes you specialÂ¾"

"Absolutely," said Nathan with a grin.

"You knowÂ¾ you sailor guys are really confusing."

Nathan didn't say anythingÂ¾ he just leaned his head on his hand and

grinned.

"AlrightÂ½alright," Lucas said earnestly. "I've got one thing I *really* don't understand."

"And what would that be?" said Nathan patiently.

"How come sometimes they're ships and sometimes they're boats??

Nathan nodded. He'd been expecting that one. "The standard rule is that a boat can be carried on a ship but a ship cannot be carried on a boat."

"But a barge is big but it isn't a ship."

"No because a ship also has to be capable of independent operation."

"But a frigate is a ship."

"YesÂ¾a frigate is a ship."

"But the seaQuest is bigger than a frigate."

"YesÂ¼but there's always exceptions to things. A submarine is always a boat."

"Have you ever thought of giving out a degree in Navyspeak?"

"Hey, LucasÂ½you haven't even begun to explore the variations of Navyspeak." Now Nathan had the smug look on his face. "You've got 'turn in' or 'turn out' or 'turn to'Â½to say nothing of 'inboard', 'outboard', 'aboard', 'overboard' or just being 'boarded'."

"You forgot 'above board', " mumbled Kristin.

"Oops, or 'above board'."

"And 'starboard', " Kristin prompted again.

"And 'starboard'Â¾how could I forget starboard?"

Lucas started laughing and fell back on the sofa. "Next thing I know you're going to try to explain 'watches' or the various decks to me."

"NahÂ¾I was going to explain 'bells' next."

Lucas was still laughing. "Oh pleaseÂ¾please noÂ¾not thatÂ¾I surrender!"

"You mean you strike your colors," grinned Nathan.

"I strike my colors, I strike my colorsÂ¾you win."

Nathan grabbed a pillow and pitched it at the boy. He smiled and shook his head in mock annoyance. "Some days I don't know why I put up with youÂ¾"

"Oh, hell," said Kristin with a smile as she dropped her book into her lap. "Some days I don't know why I put up with both of you."

The End.

End
file.